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# THE LAMP.

CONDUCTED BY ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE.

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“I have the idea of all, and am all and believe in all.”

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"I have the idea of all, and am all and believe in all."

# THE LAMP.

VOL. IV.—No. 2.

TORONTO, APRIL, 1900.

No. 38.

## THE GREATER MOOD.

HAS your pledge been recorded?

One who was wise said: "The pledges of those who are sure of the strength of *moral power* alone are recorded."

Are you trying to make the narrow path a public thoroughfare?

The Master was wise when he traced the *original* lines. Why, then, have you and I had so little faith?

When the wind blows, look, and you will see only the grain remaining. Do not grow sad and morbid when the clouds gather, and the storm arises, and the winds blow.

Trouble arises through being unbrotherly to those who differ from us. Humanity is more than any Organization. It is the great organization of which you and I are a part. You and I point toward all corners of space, and our sympathy reaches its furthestmost parts. When we think of this we can only look back with pity to the time when we quarrelled over trifles. Realize that you are truly great, and that all things are small, and you will find it more and more difficult to do mean acts.

Come with me, and cease to worry about the little discussions of recent times, as to this Society, and that. Let us talk together about our dreams. We need not be ashamed of them. Sincerity is the great thing. That we have, and in moral courage we are not altogether lacking.

Have we set a target for our aim? Assuredly. We aim to act together for the accomplishment of ends which concern us all. What lies near our own door has for us its special meaning and significance. But in essentials the need of one is the need of all.

The years have made wholesale slaughter among us. Between us and the realization of our hopes lie many broken images. Though our knees are feeble, our hopes never die. They are imperishable as our ideals. Through many long night watches the fire within has been our only light. It remains with us still, unquenched, undying. Though far removed from each other in space, we have watched together

under the same stars—symbols of our brighter selves. We know that there are many who share our watch, their hands outstretched, waiting the clasp of recognition.

Did we expect an easy victory, soon to be achieved? The enthusiasm of the Titan is not so kept alive. Our affections are not won by promises, our loyalty not thus secured. The immortal love was awakened by the greatness of the task to be achieved. Our enthusiasm will live till it is accomplished.

Tell those who advocate "non-committal," paralyzing effort, that they have misunderstood us. They cannot lame the will to do, while there is work to be done. We came out for a different purpose, and we will come out again and again, each time renewing our strength.

I dream of a world federation of mystics—the brotherhood of silence. The name of Blavatsky is great, the name of Judge dear, to many. They are but two of a mighty host. When we are fit companions for the great, we will find them by our side.

In many small societies we have shaped our own characteristics and idiosyncrasies. In emphasizing the importance of B.A. and A.B., U.B. and B.U., the essential greatness has become less in exact proportion. Each has had opportunity to choose a Teacher, to leave and join many societies. The eye of One who has watched the birth and death of worlds, has not been closed any part of the time. The pages of the register are dear to Him; He knows only one Society, the members of which have *moral power*. They are of the brotherhood of silence.

Sitting, at dusk, steady-eyed, you and I have gazed out from the inner centre of peace far into the regions beyond the remotest confines of space. We have toyed with great speculations, never ill at ease. Beauty in her many changes of form and colour, Truth in her varied garments, we have reverently worshipped. Some of these garments and forms, long outworn, we have passed by, and gazed at with tender longing—they were so dear, so familiar. We have walked gently over the ashes of past effort, and summoned before us the great ones as we passed round the circle of time. One by one they have told us the same story, for there is but one story to tell.

If the light of the greater mood illuminates our common hours, the future shall be freighted with significance, the divine task somewhat nearer accomplishment.

London, England.

D. N. DUNLOP.

## "THE UNDIMINISHED FAITH."

THE glory of the moon-path shone on the waters, and was lost in the far depths of the night. There climbed from the end of the glory up to the shining of the globe a pillar of purple, deeper than sea or sky. In the lone land under the stars there was one who wandered. She sought the Eternal beauty.

And she thought: "The waters are troubled, and the glory is a passing gleam; the pillars of heaven dissolve in the radiance of the daystar, and daybreak weaves but new sorrows for the blind." And she desired peace passionately.

Now, the beginning of peace is the passion of life. And the end of it is death.

But of peace there is no end.

On the path she trod she came to a temple. And there was no name of it. Through the great arch and in the midst of the columns she saw the altar ready. And she went before it.

The priest was waiting. White-robed and comely he stood. And when he made an end of waiting she knew that it was for her that the temple was open, for she was alone before the altar.

He said: "I will make a sacrifice."

So he waited for her offering. But she had no offering.

Then he took a sharp knife, whetted with Love, and with set face, but illumined eyes, under cover of his robe, he carved the sacrifice from his own breast. And he set the heart upon the altar.

She thought: "Without his heart he could not live. It is the heart of a lamb." For there were no stains upon his robe, nor weakness in his hand.

Then from the vials of the altar he poured forth flame upon it, and it began to be consumed. And he chanted: "You shall have life more abundantly."

Her thought was: "It is my right."

Again he chanted: "Evil and bitterness shall be your crown, but your sceptre shall be a rod of power."

She thought: "Can chance give warrant of destiny?"

Still the heart burned upon the altar.

Again he chanted: "There is no death but failure, and there is no life but change. The shadow of the past and the image of the future are one, and the Light is over all, now and for evermore."

She thought: "It is the echo of the wind as it moves in the branches of the tree of fate."

And the little flames flickered over the ashes of the heart,

and died away. And as he had made an end of waiting, so he made an end of chanting.

He came and stood before her.

And he said: "Your eyes are the eyes of an angel, but your heart is your own."

Her eyes wondered, but her heart said: "Not so."

She asked him: "What is love."

And he said: "It is the enduring of life, and the meeting of death. It is the strength of sorrow, and the gentleness of joy. It is the ease of battle, and the mightiness of peace. It is a wandering together in strange ways. It is entering together into new worlds, and tasting together of uncertain fruit. It is the child of mutual purpose."

She asked him: "Where was it born?"

He answered: "It was never born, nor shall it ever die. It became a yoke as we journeyed. We joined hands in passion and strove with pain. We bowed to duty and surmounted fate. We met through lives unreckoned, and lost the grossness of the body in many valiant deaths. Our hearts invoked the beauty of the world."

She besought him: "What is it bears this love?"

And he declared to her: "The Soul."

She cried: "I know it not."

"In all the change," he told her, "this Soul enduring, passes towards perfection. This looks upon the scenes of life and learns the use. This knows of faith and trust and help and promise. This survives failure and outlasts the old shames that are buried and forgotten in ancient graves. And the Soul sings to its comrade Soul, and the song is Love."

Then the woman hid her face, and cried: "I cannot hear it; I cannot hear it." And she turned away, and went out into the darkness.

Then was there a great stillness, but the voice of the sea stirred through the silence. And he stood in the arch of the temple and looked upon the stars. And it was as though the Eternal had set an hour of peace.

And a new heart began to swell in the hollow of his breast. Whereat he rejoiced. And he thought: "There are many sacrifices, and the offerings fail, but Love remains. Yet is my Soul gone forth into the darkness."

IRIS H. HILL.

## THE GOD-HEAD IN SHAKSPERE.

IT is common among Theosophists to regard Shakspeare as the great unknown of Avatars. It is felt that he ranks with the supreme manifestations of the Divine in the Human, yet who and what he was, his exact place in the spiritual realm, seems involved in mystery. I have been at great pains, in recent years, to make clear the mystery, to define Shakspeare, to bring him out for the world from his works, as he is to be discerned there by a critical eye, in the statutesque outline of a Buddha or a Christ.

The Avatar does not appear except in conjunction with new spiritual forces in the world. He includes those forces most completely in his spirit; he has a full instinct of the purpose of God; "the prophetic soul of the wide world dreaming of things to come" is in him; and he presents himself as the incarnation and symbol of the new-born, Divine, creating and shaping ideas, as the new Adam of the Spirit that has been brooding on the deep.

That Shakspeare presents himself as such an incarnation and symbol is the capital fact of his life and genius. He thus presents himself both in Prospero and in "the beautiful youth" of the sonnets. Each of these is but a mask of his own soul, and they represent respectively the Spirit of the Reformation and the Spirit of the Renaissance—Spirits of Shakspeare's age—that found in him their home and reconciliation, with which he identified his own spirit, and which he commingled in his Muse, and united for posterity.

This double self-identification of his spirit must be understood in connection with the poet's view of human history, as I have gathered it from the symbolism of *The Tempest*, *Winter's Tale* and *Cymbeline*, to be much as follows:—There was a time, the beginning of our era, when the World-Spirit seems to have paused and thought: My world is growing in knowledge of the Truth, and growing in Beauty; it is replete with schools of philosophy; it is covered with monuments of art; but it is not growing in virtue; it is a selfish, cruel, lascivious world; its moral fibre has not proved strong enough to support so much Truth and Beauty; therefore I will destroy this world with all its art and philosophy, and in its place construct a world, of which the sole ideal shall be morality; let that exist for a season, then with strengthened fibre the world may burgeon again in Truth and Beauty, in philosophy and art.

Then from the luxurious shores of Asia Minor was heard the voice proclaiming, "Great Pan is dead." Then in the manger of Bethlehem was Christ born. A new spirit of Love,

clothed in "sweet religion," with irresistible force, overspread and submerged the ancient world. Art and philosophy disappeared. Morality itself, in becoming more intense, became also contracted. Justice, upon which the State depends, seemed, as involving punishment and a measure of cruelty, no fit virtue for the Kingdom of Heaven. It was a mere secular virtue, a function of the Emperor, upon whose neck the Pope set his foot. The man supposed dearest to God lived in a cloister, and held up the banner of the Ideal of unqualified Love, self-sacrifice and non-resistance. The Church's moral effect upon the European man, though gradual, must finally have been immense, and by the dawn of the sixteenth century the purpose of the World-Spirit, to strengthen the moral fibre of humanity, was sufficiently achieved. But in the absence of art and philosophy, Europe remained uncultured and superstitious, and, through a cloistered virtue, the self-seeking and ambitious were left to govern the world, and even the Church itself. New needs had thus arisen for mankind, and there followed those great spiritual movements called the Reformation and the Renaissance. The Reformation, while it was a return to primitive Christianity, was also a movement for justice. The monks came out of their cloisters and thundered in the market-place against wickedness in high places. The people, in sympathy, rose and brought war about the ears of Machiavellian popes and princes. This universal tempest was the moral law of love avenging itself, or, in symbolic language, Christ coming to judge the world. The promised signs and wonders of his second coming were interpretable in terms of natural events. And as Christ came again with the Reformation, so great Pan lived again with the Renaissance—the wonderful revival of the art and philosophy, of the universality, of the ancient world.

But where, in this outbreak of new spiritual forces in the sixteenth century, was the Avatar? Where was the person of Christ come to judge the world, where was the visible presentment of great Pan?

When the writings of Shakspeare are surveyed in their order of production, it will be found that about the year 1597 a great change took place in his spirit. Before that date he had written joyously; only one tragedy—*Romeo and Juliet*, in which the joy is more than the sorrow, and the sorrow itself is a high and holy joy—had proceeded from his pen. With this exception, happy love-plays and comedies had followed one another, and histories crowded with the splendour and the glory of life. But from 1597 the poet becomes grave, satirical, and, finally, the great tragic poet, whom Victor Hugo has compared to Isaiah and Ezekiel. A close inspection of the textual evidence

leads to the conclusion that Shakspeare, towards the year 1597, had become deeply possessed in spirit by the Ideal of Love—in a word, by Christ. He had become a man resembling his own Antonio in *The Merchant of Venice*. He was prepared to lay down his life for his friend, yea, for the world. But whatever the moral progress of the world during the fifteen centuries of Christianity, it had not attained to this level, nor does it seem desirable that it ever should, since such a disposition, if it were general, would be incompatible with human existence. The “folly of the Cross” the world still treats as folly, repays it, not with gratitude, but with scorn and injury. This Shakspeare learnt by experience, and his realization, in consequence, of how far this world was still short of the Ideal, how far it was still lying in iniquity, turned him into the tragic poet of *King Lear*. He no longer had the heart to prophesy smooth things, to write joyous comedies and beautiful dreams. He felt it his duty to take his stand for morality, to “show vice its own feature, scorn its own image,” to show the Nemesis, the Judgment that awaits upon wickedness, and from the stage, and according to the method of his art, to appeal to the world’s conscience. As in the Reformers, so in him, the Spirit of Love changed to a Spirit of Justice, in other words, Christ became Judge of the World. At the conclusion of his tragic work, the poet stepped upon the stage, under the mask of Prospero, at one with the Spirit of the Reformation, as Christ come to judge the world. Prospero’s tempest is the tempest of the Reformation, his magic art is the art of appeal to the conscience, especially through the drama, Ariel is human thought through which the Spirit acts, the Island is the Kingdom of Heaven amid the raging sea of human life, and those characters of the play upon whom Prospero works and whom he converts by his art, constitute humanity divided into certain classes. These are represented as reformed by the Spirit of Justice, and the world so brought near to the millennium, and made fit for the reign of Miranda, the Ideal of Love. The signs and wonders that were to attend Christ’s second coming are referred to in the play as fulfilled in a natural sense. For example, Prospero says, “I have bedimmed the noon-tide sun.” He means, I have clouded the Sun of Love with the wrath of Justice.

As Shakspeare thus identifies himself, in Prospero, with Christ, so he identifies himself with God, for it will be found that the tempest is referred to indiscriminately, now as raised by Prospero, now as raised by Destiny, Fate, Nature, the Powers, Immortal Providence—in a word, by God. Thus Prospero is a Trinity in Unity of God, Shakspeare and the

Spirit, the old Trinity in Unity, however, of God, Christ and the Spirit; for Shakspeare, therein, is Christ at His second coming.

The "beautiful youth" is in the very first sonnet addressed as representative of the Renaissance:—

"Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,  
And only herald of the *gaudy spring*."

He is the poet's Ideal of Beauty, Truth, and Love in one (sonnet cv.):—

"Fair, kind, and true is all my argument,  
Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words;  
And in this change is my invention spent,  
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.  
Fair, kind, and true have often lived alone,  
Which three, till now, never kept seat in one."

The poet formally adds Love to the Beauty and Truth of the Ancient Ideal revived at the Renaissance; so that his Ideal might be called Pan-Logos, to borrow a term from Ibsen's *Emperor and Galilean*, but it is simpler to regard it as the completion of Pan, and the Love as latent in the Ancient Ideal. This three-fold Ideal it is that inspires the poet's works. In Sonnet xxxviii. it is proclaimed to be his Muse, and in Sonnets xxxix. and lxii. to be his "better part" and very "self." It is the soul and genius of the poet. In Sonnet cix. it is further identified with "the sum of good" and the All of Nature:—

"For nothing this wide universe I call,  
Save thou, my Rose; in it thou art my All."

In the sonnets, then, Shakspeare figures in another Trinity in Unity, of God, Shakspeare and the Spirit of Beauty, Truth, and Love. He figures as the Pan of the Renaissance.

The slow results of time and the achievement of the poet's life are summed up in *The Winter's Tale*. After the long winter of the middle ages, during which the Idealists (represented by Leontes) have lived in Seclusion, the Ideal or Spirit of Primitive Christianity and of the Reformation (Perdita) reappears in Bohemia, and the Ideal or Spirit of the ancient world (Hermione) steps down from the pedestal, a statue come to life in the Renaissance. These two unite in an embrace which is the combined Hellenic and Christian culture of the modern world, and is the art and religion of Shakspeare. Thus upon the threshold of our era appeared its Avatar, Shakspeare, combining and commingling its Spirits of the Reformation and Renaissance, in a joint incarnation in himself of Christ and Pan!

CHARLES DOWNING (CLELIA).

London, England.

## UNENROLLED THEOSOPHISTS.

## II. PRESIDENT DIAZ.

MADAM BLAVATSKY once wrote : " Any person of average intellectual capacities, and a leaning towards the metaphysical, of pure, unselfish life, who finds more joy in helping his neighbour than in receiving help himself ; one who is ever ready to sacrifice his own pleasures for the sake of other people ; and who loves Truth, Goodness and Wisdom for their own sake and not for the benefit they may confer—is a Theosophist." It is on these grounds that I believe the practical side of Theosophy may best be illustrated in the lives of men who are in no way identified with the Theosophical Movement, but whose place therein would be unquestioned were the ideals it sets forth properly understood. Theosophy is a system which embraces every aspect of life, but unfortunately its conceptions have been limited by the purviews of those who have undertaken in recent years to expound it. I see no remedy for this but to hark back continually to Madam Blavatsky's writings, not as infallible authorities, but as clearly indicating what was intended at the inception of the Movement. All that have followed her are but Blavatsky-and-water.

The belief in the supervision of human affairs by Divine Men, Prophets, Masters, either individually, or collectively as what is known as The Lodge, is one which has attracted many students. The great unfoldments in human history which serve to mark our epochs and eras are held to be the fruit of their unseen and unacknowledged guidance. With hidden hands they have directed the course of events and aided those who have lent themselves as agents for the service of the race. Never interfering with the liberty or free will of any, their labours are as impartial as the shining of the sun or the shock of the storm. Men who have willingly and designedly co-operated or who have unconsciously acquiesced in the plans of Nature for the working out of human destiny, are frequently known as Lodge Messengers. Columbus is a notable example of such cases, and while utterly unaware of the true nature of his discoveries, there can be no doubt that his effort to find a western passage to India and his theory of the earth being much smaller than was usually supposed, were used by those behind the scenes as a means, while leaving him perfect freedom of decision, to accomplish a world-purpose.

America to most people means the United States. In Mexico it means more than that. The first book printed on the continent appeared in Mexico City in 1537. It was *The Spiritual*

*Ladder for Reaching Heaven.* To-day the greatest man on the American continent is the Mexican President.

Those who know Mexico by rumour may be surprised at this, forgetting everything but the fact that between 1821 and 1884, sixty-three years, Mexico had fifty-five presidents, two emperors and one regency. Like some great chemical solution, a seething mixture of heterogeneous elements, during all those years the subtle combinations had been proceeding which have resulted in the crystallization of a new nation. The languages spoken among these twelve millions give one a faint conception of the diversity that more and more tends to unity. Nahuatl (Aztec), Zapotec, Otomi, Mixtec, Huastec, Miju, Tarahumar, Tepehuan, Totonac, Cora, Cac-chiquel, Matlazinga, Tarasca, and Maya are some of these strange tongues. But now Spanish has spread everywhere, and English is compulsory in all the myriad schools. "So when we old are gone," touchingly remarks the President, "Mexico will have two idioms."

At No. 10, on the south side of the Street of La Soledad, in the City of Oaxaca, Porfirio (Porphyry) Diaz was born on the 15th September, 1830. His great-grandmother was a Mixtecan Indian. He attended a primary school till he was seven, and then became an errand boy in a store, but attended the secondary school subsequently until he was fourteen. At the seminary which he entered at his mother's wish he supported himself by teaching. He determined however to adopt the legal profession and graduated after a four years' course. Having entered the law office of Juarez he became professor of law in his College. At seventeen he had joined the National Guard, and from being Mayor of Ixtlan he became a Captain and served in crushing the rebellion of Jamiltepec. He had studied military science under Commandant Uréa, and during this campaign "he distinguished himself by his zeal as a patriot, and his consummate skill in organizing troops." In 1858 he defeated Cobos, and for two years he was Mayor of Tehuantepec. The disturbed state of the country afforded him constant experience on the field. In May, 1860, he had pacified the rebellious State of Oaxaca. It is said his characteristic tactics were a night march and a day-break assault. He took part in continual military actions for several years and on the 5th May, 1862, defeated the European troops with his raw recruits. Previous to this he had been promoted to be colonel and lieutenant-colonel, and in 1861 had been elected deputy to Congress. In his campaign against Marquez, the "Panther of the South," he gained such a victory that his superior General Gonzalez Ortega petitioned the Government for the rank of General for him. After his victory over the French he was appointed Governor and military command-

ant of the State of Vera Cruz, but at his own request was restored to the army. During the desperate struggle that followed with the French he passed through many vicissitudes. On one occasion in 1866 the French offered him the Presidency as a reward for his submission. To this he did not even reply. He finally triumphed when the capital surrendered to the patriot forces, 21st June, 1867. On the 15th July he married, and settled on his estate, La Noria, in Oaxaca. Here he remained till 1874, when Lerdo, then president, proscribed him. He had unsuccessfully contested the election against Juarez in 1867 and 1871. The campaign which followed his proscription resulted in the proclamation of the "Plan of Tuxtepec" in 1876 and the revolution which succeeded in the following year, when Lerdo and Iglesias fled and Diaz assumed supreme power.

There is no test for man like the possession of power. Diaz became the vehicle for the genius of his nation. It is recorded that a change came over his appearance, as though a new man had been revealed. He has been a willing and a worthy avatar.

What he has done for Mexico by the peace that he has imposed upon her boundaries will be better appreciated by most men in the language of the counting house. In 1878 the revenue was \$16,128,807; the expenditure was \$22,108,046. In 1899 the revenue was \$52,500,000; the expenditure was \$52,672,448. The internal customs tariffs which separated State from State have all been abolished, and internal commerce has grown accordingly. The public spirit which led men like Don Luis Terrazas to lend money for public purposes without interest, has been fostered. The retention of the silver standard has had the effect of an enormous protective tariff under which the manufactures of the country have grown to an extraordinary extent. Double prices are secured for everything exported, and only native products are in demand as they cost but half the price of imported articles.

President Diaz's policy of railway and harbour building has opened up the interior and afforded opportunity for over-sea commerce with the most wealthy of sub-tropical lands. Everything that could contribute to the prosperity and intelligence of the population has been done. Schools of every description abound, and not an Indian village, it is said, but has its public school. The old world courtesy and good feeling between all classes is maintained, and it is noted by a United States writer that the negro is "held to be human in all the republics." The condition of the peasantry is better than it was in the beginning of the century when Humboldt wrote that "the Indian labourer was poor but free. . . His condition is much preferable to that of the peasantry of a large part of

Northern Europe." There are beggars, but they are voluntary, and are decreasing. Motherhood is not looked upon as a degradation, and infanticide is absolutely unknown. Government orphanages (from which the suspicious reader need not argue a prevalence of immorality) are maintained, where the children are kept until they are able to go to the primary school. From this they pass to higher schools, and finally into the fine technical schools which have been established. Here they are taught a trade and thoroughly trained until they are twenty-one. Missions are tolerated but no religion is given any preference. The laws are just and well administered. No hanging or capital punishment is permitted except in the army and in the case of brigands. Brigandage, which used to be the curse of the country, has now however been almost abolished.

In the midst of all this marvellous development and activity Diaz is a Master. With his "inscrutable face," and air of reserve and sincerity there is none but loves him. He has no vices. Perfectly unselfish in his acts, he subordinates all personal affairs to the public interest. His justice to his foes is characteristic, and it was said that "all a *revolucionario* had to do to be a *persona grata* was to turn his talents to the uplifting of Mexico." His voice and speech are pleasing, almost fascinating, and his sentences so "marvellously diagrammatic" as to indicate unusual mental powers. While his knowledge of detail is another marvel, no fact or figure relating to Mexico appearing to be outside his knowledge, he is not yet afraid to say, "I do not know."

In his home-life Diaz has been singularly fortunate, though the loss of his first wife in 1880 was a great blow to him. The beautiful and clever woman who is known as the "idol of Mexico," and whom he married in 1883, is a devoted companion and helper in all his labours for the people who look to him as their ruler. He has been re-elected to the Presidency four times and will undoubtedly hold the office while he lives. And yet no simpler man dwells in all Mexico. He walks unattended, or takes the street car like an ordinary mortal. "They may do as they please," he said, "so long as they do not shoot me." And the graces of life naturally flourish under such auspices. When we look for great artists and poets and musicians and sculptors let us not forget to look in Mexico. It is a favoured land in which such a great Soul has found its epiphany.

BEN MADIGHAN.

## THE BIG PASTURE.

**B**ELIEVING, as we do, that every "good and perfect gift cometh down from the Invariable Father of Lights," where can gratitude be found if not in the effort of due appreciation?

Colourless curiosity has kept many of us, like Philip, darkly standing in the Light of the World for so long a time.

And in view of the above text there is danger of its continuing to be so while men expect to find these gifts otherwise than in the form or the terms of pure Nature and pure Humanity?

One might borrow the eyes of Bartimæus for a little to determine, if possible, how the old time Communion of the Saints tallies with the firmament. It is useless to ask can any good thing come out of here or there. Though it is certain that no poet ever tabulated an inscription to the Unknown Absentee.

Let the poet therefore take his rank above the common people.

That supreme bounty in which he lives, moves, and has his being, as elsewhere recorded, makes him a capitalist, not only rich, but easy to draw from.

Upon the harp of life he plays an accord whose tones pierce the far western passes. Then stately requires some heavenly music to effect his end.

It is uncertain what aspect of religion might yet be introduced into the public school in order to cool swelled headgear at the fountain of the heart. How and if it were shown that the magic garment of Prospero is a Saxon screen behind which Ariel demonstrates the wisdom of Job's best counsellor?

For the brotherhood of Shakspeare and Elihu was not a brotherism of mutually interested parties, but of Man. Simply and purely as such, eyes to the front, hands to the plough, and with right ear to the conch of life.

Not only does the poet "strew with flowers the hard rocks of fate;" he is both miner and florist. There are for him sermons in stones, and a jewel in the toad's head that hops about the garden.

Perhaps some wise one will tell us how much iron capping Jacques in the Forest was enabled to strip from a large mineral claim, or if Touchstone had the gait of an assayer.

Beside the infinite brave ocean shall we scorn the moorings of some, to us, bright bay or inlet, where among the isles such "voice of melody" as Isaiah, and the "hidden soul of harmony"

that Milton knew, stir together in strains like those the Psalmist heard ?

Shakspeare, Nature's sweetest child, pours into the unworthy ear of Achilles that which sounds like the required prelude to the fourteenth chapter of St. John.

"The providence that's in a watchful state  
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold,  
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps,  
Keeps place with thought, and almost, like the gods,  
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.  
There is a mystery (with whom relation  
Durst never meddle) in the soul of state,  
Which hath an operation more divine,  
Than breath, or pen, can give expression to."

Scarboro, Ontario.

A.J.C.



#### THE WORD OF LIFE.

The mighty ocean's sacred song,  
That from its depths comes ceaselessly,  
Maketh me evermore to long  
To be at-one with Thee ;  
To be at-one with Thee and rest  
Within Thy holy Aum—  
The Living—One—Reality,  
Life's grand and solemn psalm,  
The Aum—Aum—Aum.

The forest woos me with the same  
Sweet song sent forth in harmony ;  
Its rustling leaves breathe forth Thy name,  
The self-same name of Thee  
Which Nature everywhere reveals  
That Man may know the Aum—  
The Living—One—Reality,  
The lofty soul—Great Brahm,  
The Aum—Aum—Aum.

And from the vaulted dome on high  
 The starry hosts send joyfully  
 The heart-note of the deep blue sky,  
     That draws us back to Thee—  
 To Thee, remaining through all time,  
     Unchanged and ever calm,  
 The Living—One—Reality,  
 That singeth, "I am Aum,"—  
     The Aum—Aum—Aum.

And when upon the mountain height  
 I stand in awe and silently,  
 My soul doth wing its upward flight  
     Responsive to Thy call,  
 Again within the vastness floats  
     The song of songs, the Aum—  
 The Living—One—Reality,  
 For all life's ills a balm,  
     The Aum—Aum—Aum.

So when death summons to go hence,  
 And ebbs the life-tide steadily,  
 May then my soul remember whence  
     It came, and sing Thy song,  
 That it may reunite with Thee,  
     And be the holy Aum—  
 The Living—One—Reality,  
 The Aum, the Aum, the Aum,  
     The Aum—Aum—Aum.

Cincinnati, O.

M. A. P.



THE true soul-children are free from external limitations of law or ceremonial; they companion the lilies, and share with the birds the protection of a Universal Father. They have entered into the great Brotherhood of Nature. Members of the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, all lawful things are theirs by right of divine relationship. The children of the Kingdom bear the simple yoke of the soul.—*Scribe No. 70 in the New Century Series, Script No. 1.*

# THE LAMP.

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TORONTO, APRIL 15, 1900.

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## EDITORIAL NOTES.

“WHAT a man thinks, that he is: this is the old secret.”

\*

“WE do not need to pass through death to dwell within the skies.”

\*

YOU CANNOT pass any false coin in the commerce of the higher life.

\*

“THE SPIRIT of God is a flame of fire which the Word of God divideth into many.”

\*

“AS A SINGLE SUN illuminateth the whole world, even so doth the One Divine Spirit illumine everybody.”

\*

ANOTHER effort has been made to enlighten the world in the publication of *The New Zealand Theosophical Magazine*.

\*

THERE are so many things to be thankful for that it is much easier to think about them and forget the others than to grumble about them.

\*

IT IS NOW STATED that Col. Olcott will be unable to visit America before 1901, and that he may then spend two years in travelling over every part of the country.

\*

A RECENT critic has spoken of the “good grey poet” as “the half-great Whitman.” This man has only one eye open. When he opens both he will be able to see the other half of Whitman’s greatness.

MR. ALEXANDER FULLERTON, General Secretary of the American Section of the Theosophical Society, has moved to a new address at 46 5th Avenue, New York City.

\*

A SECOND EDITION of Mr. Charles Johnston's *Memory of Past Births* has been printed. Larger type and special paper add to the attractions of this brilliant and wholly satisfying book.

\*

MISS MARIE A. WALSH spoke in Lowell, Mass., for the Theosophical Society on 20th March, on "The Religion of the Future," this being the third of a series of addresses given there by her.

\*

A NEW YORK paper announces that Karma died with Madam Blavatsky. We may add that Evolution expired with Charles Darwin, and Gravitation passed away with Sir Isaac Newton. Alas! Alas!

\*

THE Buffalo Theosophical Society has resolved to make an attempt to organize a Theosophical Congress on the plan of that held at the World's Fair in 1893, on the occasion of the Pan-American Exhibition during next year.

\*

MR. G. E. SUTCLIFFE'S paper on "The Dawn of a New Era," delivered to the Blavatsky T.S., Bombay, and dealing with the cycles and planetary conjunctions, has been issued in pamphlet form. Mr. Sutcliffe lays some stress on the S.D. reference (I. 378) to the prophecy about the restoration of the Kshattriya race, by Moru, the son of Sighru, who is still living.

\*

ONE SORROW or trouble often supplants another, so as to be a blessing in disguise in obscuring an otherwise insupportable affliction. In the passing away of the lighter shadow we realize how much we have still left of the heart of life. It is one of the processes of cyclic law, by which, in other fields of action, habits may be overcome by the inauguration of new and counter impulses.

\*

TWO SUPPLEMENTAL VOLUMES of *Notes and Queries* have been issued to fill the blank caused by the suspension of this valuable periodical during 1898-1899. The volumes are packed

with good things. Theosophists will be glad to have Col. Olcott's Inaugural Address at the first regular meeting of the T.S., 17th November, 1875, which appears in the number for September, 1899.

\*

THE suggestive article on Shakspeare which appears in this issue may interest readers to pursue Mr. Downing's ideas further. Luzac & Co., of London, publish several of Clelia's works, *God in Shakspeare* being the chief. *The Life and Personality of Shakspeare* is a smaller work. *Great Pan Lives* deals with the sonnets, and the "poet's self-identification with Beauty, the Art of Nature, and supreme reason of conduct."

\*

THE Seven Deifying Practices are stated by *The Prophet* to be the practice of the Presence of God; putting yourself in other people's shoes; sober realization of the coming of death; the contemplation of the joys of heaven; tongue-bridling; compassion for the world's suffering; self-examination to avoid hypocrisy. It is recommended that one day in the week be devoted to each of these in succession, so that each week will cyclically re-enforce the next.

\*

THE *Spectator* of 10th March speaks of Belfast as "that wonderful Northern city," and the "districts that surround it,—the home and reservoir of more natural human energy than is perhaps to be found elsewhere on the globe's surface. We are not exaggerating. Considering its population, the Ulster of the Settlement can boast a greater output of human force during the past century than any other place of its size. Wherever you find a human steam engine in America or India or Australia, it is ten to one on his being an Ulsterman, though it ought, on the population odds, to be a million to one against."

\*

THE MONTHLY meeting of The Fellowship of the Three Kings was held in London on the 10th March. Mr. Basil Crump gave an address on "The Symbology of Wagner's Dramas." It was illustrated by diagrams, and by the playing of the leading *motifs* on the violin by Miss Evans. Dr. Todhunter occupied the chair and opened the discussion, which was continued by Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. W. B. Yeats, and Mrs. A. L. Cleather. All the literary mystics in London appear to be interested in the Fellowship, the gatherings of which are very brilliant. Mr. George Moore is to contribute to an early meeting.

MR. J. W. GRAHAM reports a conversation with John Ruskin in *The Literary World*, during which Ruskin said: "I like you Friends very much. But why don't you call yourselves friends of all the world? Ah! why cannot we drop our little sects and call ourselves simply a God-fearing people. When I am at Rome I do as the Romans do; when among the Turks as the Turks do, for you know each religion sees clearly one great and valuable truth, and makes it specially its own. The other religions do not see this truth, and then they fight about it."

\*

HERR GLUCKSELIG of Nurnburg writes to ask me to "please stop for your [my] own sake." He thinks "a real Theosophist should really not care what he gets, but what he is able to give, since such giving alone can make him rich and pay him automatically a hundredfold for all his labours. We don't become any poorer if the whole outer world despises and harasses us, as long as we give it of our pure heart force." The assumption that THE LAMP has any other opinion than this appears to be gratuitous, and it would be well for Herr Gluckselig to point out the warrant for his view. Not that it matters in the least to us whether he misjudges us or not, but does it not matter to him?

\*

WE ARE always being deluded by epithets. We go off on a still hunt after "spiritual" "things" simply on account of the name. It is not so very long since I began to understand why orthodox people look on Nirvana as annihilation. The priestly systems are all materialistic, and are concerned with forms and the duration of things, when the essence of all spiritual teaching is that nothing endures. This escapes them. They are glad to let it go. No wonder that the Masters keep out of sight. Were they publicly among us we would worship their persons, deify their bodies, glorify their garments, and—forget their philosophy. As it is we strive to supply visible substitutes, and anathematize all who do not accept our own particular counterfeit.

\*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—I. S.—Anna Kingsford was born 16th September, 1846, and died 22nd February, 1888. N. G.—You will find another version of Patanjali in Vivekananda's *Raja Yoga*. S. P. T.—Compare Exodus xxiv: 9-11, with John i: 18. Californian.—You may get further information on Mr. Frank Pierce's theory of our living inside a hollow earth by writing to *The Flaming Sword*, 314 W. Sixty-Third Street, Chicago, Ill. You can hear about Osteopathy, by writing to J. M. Smith, the Institute of Osteopathy, 419 Medical Block, Minneapolis, Minn., or to *The Journal of Osteopathy*, at The

American School of Osteopathy, Kirksville, Mo. S.T.N.—*The Bible of Bibles* by Kersey Graves might suit you.

\*

A GREAT deal of what is taken for the inner life is more or less morbid intellectual self-analysis and speculation. By living the inner life I mean the continual reference of every thought, speech and action to the standard of the Soul, or genius, or whatever we may call the silent Witness and Judge which stands behind the merely sensuous and intellectual life. No one can maintain this reference to an interior standard for any considerable period without becoming permeated in life and character with an easily recognizable effluence. This may be styled spiritual, or divine, or religious, or Christain, or occult, or anything else that suits, but it is possible to everyone, whatever his religion or lack of it, if he only have faith in a better self in his own heart.

\*

MR. CARL AHRENS has been exhibiting some new pictures in the Ontario Society of Artists' Gallery. His theories of art are blended with a deeply spiritual mysticism which has derived much from Swedenborg and his teachings about correspondences. Mr. Ahrens believes that what is in ourselves is to be discovered in Nature, and nothing else. The atmosphere of the artist exists in his own character and thought. He can create the lights and shadows of the soul and clothe the outer world in radiance or in gloom as the mood may dictate. Mr. Ahrens' paintings present many of those subtle appreciations of the colour world which visitors to Ely Place in the old days well remember. But these pictures bring the spirit of the inner world into an illumination of and an outshining through the scenes of the commoner day. A country home at night-fall, clustered round with trees, grows wierd in the mystic intensity of the dream-world of which it speaks. At first no strong colour may be distinguished, but gradually the most vivid and translucent tints grow up out of the mist and shadows and give a profound but tender sense of depth and sweetness.

\*

A VERY GOOD IDEA has found realization in Victoria, B.C., in the establishment of "The Century Reading Room." It is situated in the Salmon Block, on Government Street, and is maintained by some generous and devoted friends of the greater moods. The Reading Room is open daily, and is free and welcome to everybody, and is not encumbered with any shibboleths. "This Reading Room will afford through its books and periodical literature an opportunity of keeping in

touch with the best that is being thought and said in the world. During the last quarter of a century the frontiers of human thought have been steadily extended and a literature has rapidly grown up which represents, as it were, the high water mark of achievement. It will be conducted on strictly non-sectarian principles. It cannot be too explicitly said that the express object is to keep thought free and fluid; to keep the mind receptive to the high ideals which are daily finding larger expression. In this way the exultant optimism of our Emersons and Whitmans may be realized. Life may be rounded, harmonious and complete, and the new century bring in blessings beyond hope and thought." The Buffalo T.S. leaves the door of its Reading Room in Ellicott Square open all day long, anyone who wishes being at liberty to enter. The room is unguarded, but no injury has been suffered, though many take advantage of the opportunity to study the literature provided.

\*

MAGAZINES and papers received: *The Abiding Truth*, *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, *Flaming Sword*, *Teosofisk Tidskrift* (Sweden), *Ideal Review* (Dr. Hartmann contributes a paper on "The Symbols of the Bible"), *Christian Messenger*, *Review of Reviews*, *Prophetic Messenger*, *Theosophic Gleaner* (Madras), *Righteousness*, *Psychical Science Review*, *Boston Ideas*, *Occult Truths*, *Neue Metaphysische Rundschau*, *International Theosophist* (this issue has the music of the final march and chorus written by Mr. Raboch for the "Eumenides" production, and an exquisite poem, "The Gods," by C.M.), *Light of Truth* (Madras), *The Vegetarian*, *The Philistine*, *Morning Star*, *Free Man*, *Notes and Queries*, *Unity*, *Herald of the Golden Age*, *Belfast Weekly News*, *Star of the Magi* (has a letter from Swami Abhedananda refuting erroneous statements about Hindu customs, infanticide, suttee, Juggernaut, &c.), *Mimer* (Christiana), *Theosophischer Wegweiser* (Leipzig), *British Weekly*, *North Ender*, *Rainbow*, *H. C. Leader*, *Light of the East* (Calcutta), *Prasnottara*, *Golden Chain* (children's paper of the American Section T.S.; Miss L. R. Benton contributes a charming story), *Nya Tiden*, *Progressive Preacher*, *World's Advance Thought*, *The Forum* (which diagnoses our case as Prarabdha Karma; we didn't know it was as bad as that), *The Christian Life* (organ of the National Purity Association, 84 Fifth Ave., Chicago, which sends samples of its literature on application), *The English Theosophist* (which is suspended with the March issue), *Pathfinder*, *Bobcaygeon Independent*, *Psyche*, *Expression*, *Faith and Hope Messenger*, *The Prophet*, *Citizen and Country*, *Lyceum*, &c.

THE THEOSOPHICAL view of Spiritualism is stated with considerable breadth in Section II. of *The Key to Theosophy*. Here are some extracts: "We assert that the spirits of the dead cannot return to earth, save in rare and exceptional cases, of which I may speak later; nor do they communicate with men except by entirely *subjective* means. That which appears *objectively* is only the phantom of the ex-physical man. But in psychic and, so to say, *spiritual* Spiritualism we do believe most decidedly. . . . We assert that, the divine spark in man being one and identical in its essence with the Universal Spirit, our 'spiritual Self' is practically omniscient, but that it cannot manifest its knowledge, owing to the impediments of matter. Now the more these impediments are removed—in other words, the more the physical body is paralyzed as to its own independent activity and consciousness, as in deep sleep or deep trance, or, again, in illness—the more fully can the *inner* Self manifest on this plane. This is our explanation to those truly wonderful phenomena of a higher order in which undeniable intelligence and knowledge are exhibited. . . . In the cases of purely *psychic and spiritual manifestations* we believe in the intercommunication of the spirit of the living man with that of disembodied personalities. We say that in such cases it is not the spirits of the dead who *descend* on earth, but the spirits of the living that *ascend* to the pure spiritual souls. In truth, there is neither *ascending* nor *descending*, but a change of *state* or *condition* for the medium. The body of the latter becoming paralyzed or entranced, the spiritual Ego is free from its trammels, and finds itself on the same plane of consciousness as the disembodied spirits. Hence, if there is any spiritual attraction between the two *they can communicate*, as often occurs in dreams."

\*

ODDLY ENOUGH, the point that seems to appeal most forcibly to the critics in Mrs. Gestefeld's book noticed last month, is one which appeared to be so entirely trivial in its presentation as not to merit attention. "However many times we may have been in the world before, there must have been a first time," says Mrs. Gestefeld, and all the critics chorus: "There now, that settles it. What have you got to say now?" Does any one suppose that the problem is simplified by commencing the life-cycle in one's present birth, instead of going back into the eternities? Or does anyone suppose that it is any easier to account for the first appearance of a human being than to account for the first appearance of a universe? Mrs. Gestefeld herself answers her own difficulty in her twenty-second chapter. "Because all possibilities of existence are involved in its first

stage ; because, therefore, ' all men are free and equal,' the hereafter, next year, and to-morrow are one. They will be for each what each makes them, through ignorant or enlightened choice of means." Again she states in the following chapter, " Each living soul with its clothing of flesh is as a globe turning slowly on its axis." Twelve years ago we read in the *Secret Doctrine* that " The first lesson taught in Esoteric philosophy is, that the incognizable Cause does not put forth evolution, whether consciously or unconsciously, but only exhibits periodically *different aspects of itself* to the perception of *finite Minds*." We cannot do better than apply the principle to the personal incarnation. As Anna Kingsford has it : " As is the Outer so is the Inner. He that worketh is One. As the small is, so is the great ; there is one Law. Nothing is small and nothing is great in the Divine Economy." To return to the *Secret Doctrine*, " Tacitly admitting the All-Presence of the boundless Circle and making of it the universal Postulate upon which the whole of the manifested universe is based, the Sage keeps a reverential silence concerning that upon which no mortal men should dare to speculate." Certain shallow minds may object that this would shut off investigation and set up priest-craft. To these is commended a study of the axioms and postulates of Euclid.

\*

PROF. ELMER GATES contributes an interesting paper to *Success* on the subject of training the will. While he does not mean just what the modern Theosophist means by will, the article is none the less interesting and valuable. He enters " an emphatic protest against all modes of so-called ' will-training ' which claim to lead people to success by a simple exercise of the will alone. It matters not how strong or obstinate the motive of will may be ; if the person does not possess accurate and sufficiently extensive knowledge of the thing he is about to undertake, he cannot meet with real success. If the images, concepts, ideas, and thoughts about a subject are erroneous, the motives and methods will also be wrong. Scientific knowledge of the subject in which success is sought is the first prerequisite to success in that domain. The second prerequisite is a normal emotional life. If the emotions are abnormal or insufficiently developed, the person will not have normal likes and dislikes, and, consequently, the choice will often be abnormal. If both these prerequisites are combined with several others, I may say that the moral life must be normally poised. The person must be in love with truth and right ; with truth for its own sake, and with right for its own sake ; must have the welfare of others at heart ; otherwise conduct will often be guided by con-

siderations that are not ultimately moral and ethical, and all lines of conduct that are based on motives which are not just and true will ultimately fail, and cannot lead to real success, either for the individual or for others. . . . The power to discriminate energy-differences underlies all muscular skill. Of course, speed-differences are another factor, and direction-differences still another; and experiments upon these two factors prove that the mind can be trained to will a series of volitions involving minuter discriminations of speed-differences and direction-differences than have hitherto been possible to the human race. My experiments have led me to explain this by the fact that to discriminate least-noticeable differences of muscular motion creates brain changes; and these new growths in brain-cells and fibres constitute new capacities; and these structures, when re-functioned, enable small discriminations to be made in the energy by which a movement is performed. That is, the mind-activities create brain structures which are the embodiment of these mental capacities. . . . The same law applies to the higher mental functions. When I first began to measure my imaging-speed, it required an hour and a half to visualize one thousand given images, so that each particular of each image was equally visualized each time. But, after several months' training, I was able to visualize the same number of images more completely and more vividly in sixteen minutes. The imagining function had been increased in its celerity and in its accuracy."

\*

A GREAT deal of prejudice has been cultivated between Theosophists and Spiritualists by a certain assumption of superiority on the part of either the one or the other. Probably most of the divisions that exist in matters of religion are perpetuated by this attitude of swelling importance on the part of those who learn something they did not know before. The knowledge or experience which does not contribute to humility is not to be desired. The knowledge or experience which does not set one in judgment over one's fellows is a rare and spiritual gift. To the impartial observer, the outsider, there is hardly a button to choose between the revelations of the foremost spiritualists and the revelations of the foremost theosophists at the present time. If you read both sides of the question you will be impressed with the difficulty the man in the street must have in distinguishing between, for example, the "invisible helpers" of Mr. Leadbeater, and the "guide" or control of Mr. Colville, Mr. Thurstan or Mrs. Piper, or, for the matter of that, the "guardian angel" of the Church. The average Theosophical investigator, I regret to say, harbours the idea that no truth is

to be found anywhere but in the ranks of the Theosophical students, and in direct contravention of the Theosophical philosophy he narrows down the channels of divine illumination to the dribblets of humanity who may have had the fortune to get, according to his allegiance, some one of the half-dozen diplomas that are issued under various Theosophical auspices. There is no doubt that every body of seekers after truth will, in the measure of their devotion, receive the knowledge or illumination which they need, and this altogether independently of the error that is mixed with all human thought. We keep on repeating that "all human acts are surrounded by error as a flame is surrounded by smoke," but we also keep on deluding ourselves that *we* have really achieved the quest of the pure fire, and that *our* souls shine with unclouded illumination. This is the crowning illusion of all, and it means stagnation and decay and death. It is this which we have rebelled at in the Churches and the creeds and the dispensations of the past. Wherever the Spiritualist or the Theosophist has begun to dogmatize there has been a failure of interest and a cessation of progress. The greater spread of Spiritualism as compared with Theosophy may be attributed to the greater degree of liberty accorded to the individual spiritualist. It is not that Theosophy does not permit the very widest and freest thought and research, but in practice, from one cause or another, the study and thought of the members of Theosophical Societies have been restricted and circumscribed. You do not need to belong to a Society to investigate Spiritualism. You do not need to belong to a Society to read and study Theosophy. But if you decline to join the local Theosophical Society you run the risk of being labelled "black magician," "pratyeka buddha," "dad-dugpa," or some other pleasant epithet, synonymous with the "other man" of the Pharisee. In Madam Blavatsky's writings there does not appear that exclusiveness, founded perhaps on the theory of an elect Israel, which is certainly to be found in some other Theosophical authors. Anna Kingsford displays the same generous catholicity. The more the general public can be induced to read the works of these writers apart from any Society associations the better will the cause they laboured for be served. Some Theosophists do not seem to be willing to allow people to make acquaintance with our literature without a careful supervision. It is our earnest belief that a man's own soul is his best guardian and guide.

•

THE UNEXPECTED DEATH on the 2nd inst. of Dr. St. George Mivart, following so shortly after his inhibition by Cardinal Vaughan, will be adduced by many as a "terrible example" of the natural result of defying the constituted authorities. It is to be regretted that there is frequently a basis of truth in such suggestions, and there are not a few who are glad to claim such incidents as the result of either their mediatorial or their delegated powers. The real sorcery of any conscious alliance with the destructive agencies of nature is too well known to students of the occult to render it necessary to dwell upon the matter. It is quite probable that Dr. Mivart's death may emphasize the discussion which he had raised on the questions of belief and authority, his position on which has led to a refusal to permit his body to be buried in a consecrated cemetery of the Roman Catholic Church. With this custom itself I have no quarrel, although it is difficult to understand the reason of such prohibitions. I respect the wish of a Chinaman to be buried in the Celestial Kingdom, and can understand his aversion from having the carrion of "foreign white devils" polluting the sacred soil of the Flowery Land. There should be no more difficulty in respecting the feeling of the devout Roman Catholic. Both practices are doubtless rooted in a common origin. The tombs of the ancient Egyptians and other early necropolists testify to some reverential regard for the resting-places of the remains of the departed, based on a knowledge of the facts concerning the magnetic and karmic bearing these might have on the future incarnations of the dead, but in the failure of such knowledge modern graveyard sentiment appears to have degenerated to superstition. In 1893 Dr. Mivart startled the orthodox world by his allegations in the *Nineteenth Century* that the Church had never taught her people about hell as it is now understood. The state after death is really much preferable to what precedes it. But a further and a higher state beyond the first is so immeasurably superior that gradually the teachers, in the endeavour to depict its greater attractions, began to depreciate the first stage, and finally, in the effort to obtain a sufficiently vivid contrast, represented it in the horrible and revolting aspects of the hell which impresses the minds of pious believers to-day. The series of articles in which Dr. Mivart disclosed these views, and supported them with references to the Church Fathers of the early centuries, drew upon him the censure of the Church authorities, and the articles were placed upon the *Index*, not, as was explained, because they were untrue, but because it was inexpedient that such views should gain a general hearing. As a congenital heretic, I believe they should

on that account receive as wide a hearing as possible. Dr. Mivart submitted at the time, but after six years' consideration he determined to reassert his opinions, and he withdrew his submission. He wrote in the *Fortnightly*: "What, in my opinion, is the great peril which Catholicity now runs is occasioned by the deep and appalling disregard for, if not sometimes positive aversion to, scientific truth which is exhibited by Catholic advocates, and, high above all, by the Roman Curia, whereof some of the most recent manifestations would seem to imply that, if only power can thereby be retained, any amount of deception and of terrorism over weak, credulous minds and tenderly scrupulous consciences is abundantly justified." In reply to this, the *Ave Marie*, of Illinois, deplors the inadequacy of religious instruction and its supersedure by science. "We all know that criminals who are educated are the most dangerous on that account, and the same is true of apostates." A perusal of the profession which Cardinal Vaughan called upon Dr. Mivart to sign will make it clear why a "religious education" is necessary to prevent apostacy. Anna Kingsford remarked in her last illness that "St. Peter had not lost the habit of cutting off other people's ears." Suppress investigation or the study of anything outside a prescribed rut, and faith and loyalty and submission (of a kind) are always possible. The conservatism and inevoluntary nature of the Church is indicated in a clause of the profession Dr. Mivart refused to make: "I reject as false and heretical the assertion that it is possible at some time, according to the progress of science, to give to doctrines propounded by the Church a sense different from that which the Church has understood and understands, and, consequently, that the sense and meaning of her doctrines can ever be in the course of time practically explained away or reversed." It is evident that excommunication and the refusal of Church rites had lost any terrors they may have possessed for Dr. Mivart, as he closed his last article with the glad cry, in which so many of us can sympathize, "*Liberavi animam meam!*" Dr. Mivart was an authority on physiology and anatomy, of which he wrote a text-book; he had been lecturer on zoology at St. Mary's Hospital Medical School, and professor of biology at the University of Louvain. As the leading Roman Catholic scientist in England, it is possible that his reputation in science may have been slightly adventitious, but he stood high in an era of giants. His novel, *Castle or Manor?* which has just been published, will be read with interest.

## OCCULT ETHICS.

*Editor THE LAMP :*

DEAR BROTHER :—Will you kindly grant me a word in reference to the article by Jasper Niemand, page 201, February LAMP. As a whole, it is timely and good, but according to the teachings which have ruled my life for several years, there are a few points in this article somewhat misleading. I will mention but one, by way of contrast, as others will appear when carefully considered. On page 205 Mr. N. is quoted as saying : "So long as a single human heart looks to some other as a leader and light, all is not lost for that leader, however he may err." Compare this with "It were better to remain ignorant than to be taught wrong."

"Until your own life shall be free from regrets, you are not competent to advise others."

"Right thought will bring right action."

"Only the doer of the law can know the force and effect of the law."

"Only the humble and earnest reasoner is capable of entering the 'Hall of Learning.'"

"All wish to be credited with honesty of purpose, but many are far from granting the same to others."

These and hundreds of others point the way too plainly for anyone of moderate comprehension to go astray if they will heed them.

Every act of one's life has an approval or disapproval from this same source and a quotation of a few more may not be out of place in this connection.

"You get rid of error only by an acceptance of truth : he who knows no truth is yet in the night of delusion."

"Do not lay yourself liable to suspicion by accusing others : to suspect another is to acknowledge your own weakness."

"When once you become competent to receive truth, error will disappear, but you must first learn to distinguish the two."

"Many persons think they were born to rule others. What fools : they are not yet capable of governing themselves."

"To the pure all things are pure, and to be looking for impurity in others is certainly not the best recommendation for oneself."

"Your greatest enemy is *yourself* : conquer him."

All these are lessons which anyone may take to heart and profit thereby, if they are ready for such teachings, for they are

in perfect accord with the *Gita* and other books on devotion. All truth is profitable for reproof, correction and instruction, but let *truth* be adhered to under all circumstances and we can afford to await the outcome and complete vindication of the stand we have taken.

Yours in the belief that *right*, only, will prevail.

A. B. ZINN.

Nordhoff, Cal., March 8th, 1900.



### THE DUTY OF THE HOUR.

*Editor of THE LAMP :*

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—Can you find space for a few remarks from an obscure straggler in the Theosophic field, bearing upon a question that now seems to me of paramount and vital importance?

While H.P.B. declares in the *Key to Theosophy* that the Masters do not guide the society, it must seem clear to all who have believed in the genuineness of her message from them that they furnished the aim and ideal upon which the T. S. was originally founded.

Let every one who would know what that aim really was, carefully study her leading article in *Lucifer*, for April, 1888. Referring to the first object of the T.S. and what it had accomplished in overcoming bigotry and intolerance in India and bringing Brahmins, Buddhists, Jains, Mahometans and Parsis in friendly and tolerant relations, she says: “. . . All the visible or objective works, whether of charity or any other kind, must pale before the results achieved through the influence of the chief, universal and ethical aim and idea of our Society. Yes, the seeds of a true *Universal Brotherhood* of man, not of brother religionists or sectarians only, have been finally sown on the sacred soil of India.”

Having lately taken to a more careful study of H.P.B.'s kind and sensible words about tolerance as the highest expression of the chief aim of the T.S., I have come to see that myself and perhaps a few others need a sort of Keely cure for our wild-eyed fanaticism about infallible gurus and occult tests—in short, that the whole T.S. movement now most needs not a Peter the Hermit, but an Uncle Remus. There should be less of those unkind hints that those who do not endorse our own opinions or swear by our favourite guru are mere rubbish on the theosophic stream who have failed for this incarnation. The prime object and ideal of the T. S. should be our Leader,

evoking our loyal support for all who are working for that end. It is perfectly plain from a perusal of H. P. B.'s various articles and essays, that no other leadership was either vouchsafed or intended, except what might naturally arise in members of exceptional ability. Had we kept this in mind, most of our past dissensions might have been averted, or more easily healed. Supposedly infallible leadership has been the chief source of bigotry throughout the religious history of the world, and when once we stop to consider the import of H. P. B.'s words it is as plain as the sun in the heavens that the specific aim of the T. S. was to weaken dogmatism, authority and leadership so that all opinions would find their authority in the moral intuitions of the members, and she placed her own teachings on that basis. It was intolerance that placed the thorns in her pathway. The essence of bigotry is an unwillingness to hear all sides of a question, whether from friends or supposed enemies, nor did I ever suppose myself to be showing a wonderful loyalty by going into a tantrum even when I heard people rake up old refuted charges against H. P. B. herself.

So the T. S. set out by tolerating members who looked to Jesus, Krishna, Buddha, Mahomet and Huxley as leaders, but we now see a state of things that puzzles the fair-minded outsider, who asks: "Why is it that you, having first set out with a declaration of universal tolerance, cannot now tolerate each other? Why do you chatter so much about brotherhood and altruism, while in our town are three or four rival branches all in a weak and almost moribund condition? Where does the tolerance and brotherhood come in while you are firing into your own ranks and exterminating each other?"

Never will we gain the respect of the thoughtful portion of the public until we make an effort for re-union all along the line. That would accomplish more than ten years of preaching a brotherhood we do not practice. We have come to the last barrier athwart the path of the movement. Have we the loyalty to H. P. B. and the Masters to broaden out and realize the grand ideal of the T. S.? Or must our universal brotherhood remain an astral spook for another century without a fitting body on the outer plane?

If the T. S. fails let no one foolishly dream that the T. S. movement and its literature will not quickly disappear from public view as it always did before. United we will stand, and if we have enough sense of brotherhood in our hearts we will overcome the obstacles to re-union. You can always tell which member of a family has the most affection for the others. It is ever the one who is willing to make the greatest concessions, who is most loath to lay blame on the others, who thinks least

of self vindication and who is most anxious to minimize the faults of beloved brothers and sisters. Such a one can rebuke wrong doing without imputing wrong motives.

After all it is not with the head but with the heart that man "believeth unto right conduct," and if we fail to gain enough *occult* perception to understand how one would act when guided by a good heart, I fear our *wisdom* will prove to be mere foolishness. If we are to become more inveterate in our opposition to each other, more harsh and unforgiving than the advocates of endless hell fire, the salt will have lost its savour and will shortly be cast out and trodden under the feet of men. On this subject of tolerance and reunion let THE LAMP shed no flickering light.

Will some one kindly inform me why those interested in Theosophy need remain perpetually divided and thus betray the chief aim of the T.S. because certain prominent members have had misunderstandings? Is loyalty to the clearly expressed wish of the Masters less binding than adherence to persons? Some may perhaps answer that it is all right for the movement to segregate itself into bodies composed of those having similar tastes and ideas. To this I will again point to what H.B.P. herself says about the fundamental idea of the T.S. was to realize universal brotherhood by bringing together people of the most divergent tastes and ideas to learn to tolerate and understand each other. This she points out as the distinction between the ideal of the T.S. and a narrow and bigoted sectarianism.

Hoping the guru-fever, with which myself and perhaps not a few others have been afflicted will soon subside, and give place to sane and sensible efforts to realize the ideal and purpose of the Masters and H.P.B. I remain, fraternally yours,

A. F. ABBOTT, M.D.

Frances, Colo.



## SOME "LEAVES OF GRASS."

O the blest eyes, the happy hearts,  
That see, that know the guiding thread so fine,  
Along the mighty labyrinth.

\* \* \*

All waits or goes by default till a strong being appears ;  
A strong being is the proof of the race and of the ability of the  
universe,  
When he or she appears materials are overawed,  
The dispute on the soul stops,  
The old customs and phrases are confronted, turned back, or laid  
away.

\* \* \*

Already a nonchalant breed, silently emerging, appears on the  
streets,  
People's lips salute only doers, lovers, satisfiers, positive knowers,  
There will shortly be no more priests, I say their work is done,  
Death is without emergencies here, but life is perpetual emer-  
gencies here,  
Are your body, days, manners, superb ? After death you shall  
be superb,  
Justice, health, self esteem, clear the way with irresistible power ;  
How dare you place anything before a man ?

\* \* \*

Who is he that would become my follower ?  
Who would sign himself a candidate for my affections ?  
The way is suspicious, the result uncertain, perhaps destructive,  
You would have to give up all else, I alone would expect to be  
your sole and exclusive standard,  
Your novitiate would even then be long and exhausting,  
The whole past theory of your life and all conformity to the  
lives around you would have to be abandoned,  
Therefore release me now before troubling yourself any further,  
let go your hand from my shoulders,  
Put me down and depart on your way.

—Walt Whitman.